Kent. With you goodman boy, and you pleaſe come, ile fleaſh you, come on yong maiſter.

Gloſt. Weapons, armes, whats the matter here?

Duke. Keepe peace vpon your liues, hee dies that ſtrikes againe, what's the matter?

Reg. The meſſengers from our ſiſter, and the King.

Duke. Whats your difference, ſpeake?

Stew. I am ſcarſe in breath my Lord.

Kent. No maruaile, you haue ſo beſtir'd your valour, you cowardly raſcall, nature diſclaimes in thee, a Tayler made thee.

Duke. Thou art a ſtrange fellow, a Taylor make a man.

Kent. I, a Tayler ſir; a Stone-cutter, or a Painter could not haue made him ſo ill, though hee had beene but two houres at the trade.

Gloſt. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Stew. This ancient ruffen ſir, whoſe life I haue ſpar'd at ſute of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whorſon Zedd, thou vnneceſſarie letter, my Lord if you'l giue mee leaue, I will tread this vnboulted villaine into morter, and daube the walles of a iaques with him, ſpare my gray beard you wagtayle.

Duke. Peace ſir, you beaſtly Knaue you haue no reuerence.

Kent. Yes ſir, but anger has a priuiledge.

Duke. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That ſuch a ſlaue as this ſhould weare a ſword,
That weares no honeſty, ſuch ſmiling roges as theſe,
Like Rats oft bite thoſe cordes in twaine,
Which are to intrench, to inlooſe ſmooth euery paſſion
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,
Bring oyle to ſtir, ſnow to their colder-moods,
Reneag, affirme, and turne their halcion beakes
With euery gale and varie of their maiſters, (epeliptick
Knowing nought like dayes but following, a plague vpon your
Viſage, ſmoyle you my ſpeeches, as I were a foole?
Gooſe and I had you vpon Sarum plaine,
Id'e ſend you cackling home to Camulet.,

Duke. What art thou mad old fellow?

Gloſt. How fell you out, ſay that?

Kent.

Kent. No contraries hold more,
Then I and ſuch a knaue.

Duke. Why doſt thou call him

Kent. His countenance likes m

Duke. No more perchance doe

Kent. Sir tis my occupation to
I haue ſeene better faces in my tim
That ſtands on any ſhoulder that
Before me at this inſtant.

Duke. This is a fellow who ha
For bluntnes doth affect a ſawcy r
And conſtraines the garb quite f
He cannot flatter he, he muſt be
He muſt ſpeake truth, and they wi
If not he's plaine, theſe kind of k
Which in this plainnes harbour m
And more corrupter ends, then tw
Obſeruants, that ſtretch their duti

Kent. Sir in good ſooth, or in
Vnder the allowance of your gra
Whoſe influence like the wreath
In flitkering *Phœbus* front.

Duke. What mean'ſt thou by

Kent. To goe out of my dialog
much, I know ſir, I am no flatterer
accent, was a plaine knaue, whi
though I ſhould win your diſplea

Duke. What's the offence you

Stew. I neuer gaue him any, it
Very late to ſtrike at me vpon his
When he coniunct and flattering
Tript me behind, being downe, i
And put vpon him ſuch a deale of
That worthied him, got prayſes
For him attempting who was ſelf
And in the flechuent of this drea
Drew on me here againe.

Kent. None of theſe roges & co

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22292) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.18)